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The Carolina Quarterly

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University Magazine *in 1844*

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Editorial

Politics and Public Campuses

There exists on the campuses of North Carolina's state-supported institutions of higher education a rather quaint, charming, and incorrect attitude about the relationship between education and politics.

The great majority of students, and, we suspect, a similarly large percentage of educators view politics and its practitioners as an unnecessary, if momentarily unavoidable, evil, that, in the utopia of the academicians, will be as stringently banned as the neutron bomb, the D.A.R., American cars, and the late, late show. All that the great washed desire, it would seem, is sufficient monetary support to lift their institutions into the realms of intellectual and, paradoxically, financial independence.

This attitude is reflected, for example, in the approbation with which a Chapel Hill audience greeted E. E. Cummings' remark that "a politician is an arse upon which everyone has sat

except a man." It is apparent in the innocent assumption that having 700 students run a torch across the state would ensure the passage of $31 million of bonds in November's referendum.

From whatever source springs this view of politics and its connection with education—whether from naivete, or willful ignorance, or whatever—the fact is that it has gained widespread acceptance. The fact also remains that it is terribly mistaken.

One of the facts most consistently ignored on the public campus is that the State annually spends almost $30 million on higher education. Every student at a State-supported college or university receives, in effect, a yearly subsidy of roughly $750.

Whether or not this amount is sufficient to provide a good education for those students presently enrolled or those who may in the future go to college, it still means that North Carolina spends about 7 per cent of its budget on less than one per cent of its citizens. The State spends, per pupil, four times as much on college students as it does on public school students.

And, fortunately or unfortunately, the politicians are the people who determine how the State's monies are to be used.

We imagine that many students feel that the Legislature passes out funds only when it is advantageous to the majority of political careers. Certainly, with one or two exceptions, this is how the press portrays the actions of Capitol Square. One of the politicians who has been exempted from this type of scorn has been the Governor, whom educators and the press alike adulate because of his announced commitment to the cause of improving education.

While Sanford may have strong feelings about "quality education," it must also be recognized that Sanford is seeking national prominence. In spite of the defeat of Kennedy's aid-to-education bill, there does exist strong national sentiment in favor of improving education, and Sanford undoubtedly hopes to cash in on this. And it is true also that the Liberal sentiment has long been allied with the cause of improved schools, and the Governor had to espouse this cause to win these votes.

This is not to deny, in toto, the veracity of what the papers report about legislators. But, by and large, the mass media have not time or space (or even the responsibility) to tell the public that this or that man is a saint or a scoundrel. If few are reported as saints, it is partially because few are, but also largely because skullduggery has a wider audience than sanctity or sincerity. Clearly, not all legislators are men of overwhelming vision.

But then, neither are all educators, and, if the failure of the bond referendum is any measure of public far- or near-sightedness, neither are a large number of the citizens.

Formal higher education in North Carolina is fairly evenly divided between public and private institutions. In this respect it differs from, say, the New England states, where college enrollment is predominantly in private institutions. Similarly, it differs from, for instance, Louisiana, where there exists an enormous State university system.

Certainly, whatever North Carolina educators desire, they do not wish to emulate the pattern in Louisiana, where much of education is rendered ineffective by the practice of accepting all those who apply for college admission. Yet, educators realize that public higher education will have to expand if it is to keep pace with growing demands for a college diploma.

One of the most important factors in the probable development of higher education is the Governor's Commission on Education Beyond the High School. This commission is charged with drawing up long-range plans for the future of public higher education in the State. It is interesting that six members of this commission are very prominent legislators. Furthermore, most of them are seeking a special position in the next General Assembly—president of the senate, senate president pro tem, or speaker of the house. And four of these men are on the Advisory Budget Commission. It seems likely, then, that whatever program the commission arrives at, there is a good chance that much of it will eventually be adopted. Considering that the majority of the commission is made up of professional educators or administrators, the situation bodes well for higher education in the state.

The commission, of course, has its difficulties. Plainly, the recent statements by two members of the group that Charlotte should have a public four-year college were prompted by a concern more for voters than for students. But the make-up of the commission will probably insure final recommendations that will serve the cause of improved education rather than that of immediate political pressure.

One of the curious effects of the marriage between higher education and politics is the degree of protection this affords the public institutions. An able politician on the board of trustees can do much to insure continuing state support for an institution, and almost every public college has at least one political leader serving on the board.

Certainly, this is nowhere more true than at the Consolidated University. More than a dozen of the 100 trustees are legislators and almost all the members exert some degree of political influence. For the next biennium, the Consolidated University, with about 50 per cent of the public college enrollment, was granted about 60 per cent of the funds authorized for higher education. It is no accident that the Institute of Government should be at Chapel Hill or that its bright young men should move so swiftly into high positions in state government.

While it would be presumptuous of us to set forth a scheme for the future of the colleges, it would seem that certain facts must be faced.

1. Almost all the state four-year colleges must raise their admission standards or at least change them. No person who does not stand a good chance of succeeding in the program should be enrolled. That 2300 students dropped out of the public colleges this year indicates that the college will have to adopt better admission policies.

This should be particularly true at Chapel Hill. There is no purpose served by having some of the best minds in the state devote their time and effort to students who are not going to finish their studies, who are never going to develop the degree of mental activity that makes association with good minds profitable.

It is encouraging to note that most of the colleges do consider the results of the college board and achievement tests. Although high grades in these examinations do not always mean that the student will be successful, it is clear that low scores almost invariably mark the poor student.

Very few of the colleges are willing to make public their admission standards. If the standards are high, making them a matter of public record might persuade more voters that their money is being used wisely. If the standards are low, the public should know about that also.

2. The quality of the faculty in the public institutions should be examined. Perhaps it could stand some improvement. It is not easy to measure the ability of teachers. The number of degrees held or the length of teaching experience or the number of publications are not in themselves adequate criteria. Consider, for instance, Pembroke College. Although it has a small number of teachers, very few of whom hold doctorates, nonetheless, its

graduates are in enormous demand as teachers in the Western states.

3. The four-year college will have to work more closely with the junior and community colleges than they have in the past. There is no doubt that the community college system is headed for rapid expansion. These institutions should be able to insure their able students acceptance at four-year institutions, and this situation can only result from a coordinated program on the part of all institutions.

4. Industrial education centers are coming into their own. Colleges should recognize this and be willing to recommend that some of their applicants go instead to these centers. While this affects only a slight percentage of students, there is no reason why the centers should not be recognized for the valuable job that they do.

5. Finally, the public institutions must campaign arduously for the abolition of separate facilities for Negroes. Ethically, educationally, and economically, the separation of the races in any branch of society is unsound. Consider, for instance, the situation of Charlotte, which supports two community colleges. For the same expenditure, they could have the four-year institution they so desire. Or again, it is good to have North Carolina College at Durham, but there is no reason why it should serve only one race.

The advancement of higher education in North Carolina is better served by its interconnection with politics than many people realize. One of the reasons for this is that politicians, personally, are more devoted to higher education than the majority of the electorate. A public college submits its program to people who favor education, not to people who may not recognize the value of education. Consequently, the colleges are liable to be able to move further and faster through the works of politicians than if this mediating force did not exist to shield them from the public.

The colleges have not been badly served in the past by politicians. There is every evidence to show that this treatment will continue to improve as more and more people (which means also votes) demand a college education. And, even when one scheme or another of the colleges may be temporarily thwarted by a balky Legislature (or a balky electorate), it does at least remind us that higher education is not the only cause to be served in North Carolina.

Dudley Carroll

Sometimes I Think of Quanta Vera

The easy gulls of evening
Crease the air in circles
Above the docks of Poydras Stree-
And sunset webs the square
Fine as the color of flame
In the rooftop holy air.
And laughter from the street
Or down the stair
Is only normal motion
All beyond repair.
Here above the streeted dusk,
Uncertain in the closing season,
My weekly rent unpaid.

—My Spanish girl, Maria,
I have it in my mind
How you would face me in the rented room,
Standing half embarrassed,
Your clothing on the floor.
And how desire throngs the silence
Of red evening
Down in the milling streets;
While the sidewalk shouts of children, far and near,
Rise in the vended air
Singing a distant season in a distant year.

In a coastal Spanish town
Down girling streets
All hotly dark

In blue poincetta dusk
Where we were onetime young,
There, above laughter of doorsteps,
I am brought to tears,
Taking off your clothing, piece by piece,
In poised unbroken silence.

Although I move
In the futile drumming of a changing year,
I can still recall, as clear as the ocean,
The blue-glass noons of Quanta Vera.

All in the circle and creasing of gulls
Down the design of evening,
I have it in my heart,
A final time,
How in a rented room
The late sun licked its way
Upward on your legs in amber.
My lovely girl Maria,
Caught in the amazement of a moment,
Graced in breathing sunset
Your hands demurely on your breasts.

Now
In the madness of a tin hotel,
Ridden with incompleted birth,
And trapped in the blank
Dimension of a sink
Protruding on a wall.

The dusk of careless streets, without a flaw
Recapitulates it all:
Marketplace and neighborhood,
The groups of earnest sniffing dogs
So soon disinterested, yet to no one a surprise.
And I am recapitulated too
In my own dimension; before my own eyes.

Lemon trees and window panes, one by one
In delicate surrender,
Gather the blue light branchward
into evening.

Gary Elder

Lady Fogelsang's Passage

First I see Danny that day gone down back into time, he was having trouble and makin' it too.

Lord he was a great little tyker . . . was my little brother.

First I see him, he was seated hard atop that trouble and bearing into it. He was sliding onto it and off of it and hurrying from head to tail of it with only stopping to peer at it and study it with his hands on his hips and rushing around it and stomping his foot at it. And never sayin' a thing . . . he was not whining or yelling or even acting his short age. He was calm with a kind of controlled and directed fury, grappling with his trouble and studying how to solve it.

It was a horse. A sad old sway-back, grey mare.

I don't guess the poor old gal could truly be identified with trouble. Just standing there, she was . . . a tired, silent, cheerless old sway-back lady who had been wronged and wronged and was now made into a statue like a testament of her dignity in bearing it and taking it, and now she was through with it. She did not want trouble; just, she was too tired out to move any more.

And Danny kept running from the front of her to the back of her and gettin' on her and off. He was about his head to her

shoulder high next to her, but she was low in the middle and that's where he mounted . . . over her barrel where she swayed. He sort of slid up onto her, got bellied acrost her and then by a miracle of technique, he swung around and was straddle atop her. And on he'd get. And off.

Where they were stopped is down here at the foot of Main Street on the block where J.C. Penney's store is. There, in the old days . . . . (In those old days that this century was still an un-broke young warpony in its 'teens, and so was I, about fifteen, and Dan was five years younger. Lord! I've rode this century up year by year, and all right here in this town, Pendleton, Oregon. Maybe's the pony I been riding is the town instead of the century. But Pendleton has been a busted bronc a long time, forty years or so, now. You'd know my meaning if you saw her now and had seen her in them days when, say, you'd hear old Til Taylor—as slick a sharper as any and maybe a downright thief, but a good, a real great sheriff and an incorruptible, crazy, brave man—come bellowing down Main Street with a dust cloud around him like mist around a Viking hero and pulling a couple of whiskey-bravados by their ears. But now Pendleton's a rich wheat town and all the streets are paved; and now she's got politics and social problems and certain economic conditions and . . . well, now *my* grand and cocky old Pendleton is a town that's been broke. No, Pendleton was just the riggings. The century is what I've rode and will ride . . . by Lord! I'll ride this century *down*, I vow.)

Well, there in front of J.C. Penney's . . . on that block and others . . . used to sit a row of Indians on the boardwalk's edge. Indians with braids and tall, stiff black-hats with bullet-shaped crowns factory-styled and unaltered. Indians with straight, long hair and red plaid shirts. Good Indians, glowering Indians, red Indians, pale Indians, sad Indians, flat-faced Indians, fat-faced Indians, drug-store Indians, natural Indians, and noble Indians. Ancient Indians who had seen Oregon before it was on a map, when it was all mystery and legends, who had been over the mountains to the buffalo-plains when they were another country, and who had fought the last wars with the Piutes when war was a game. And young Indians who were blank and broken and had nothing to do but sit like old men. They sat there and stared and glared out of their gloom and there was no day of good weather that they were not there. Old and gone around by a different way, an impossible way . . . old all of them, young alike ancient, all old and beaten.

There were usually no women and no children.

This was where Danny's horse was stopped . . . with her kind.

Dan was pulling on her tail when he saw I was comin'. When I got there, he walked around to her head and just stood and looked at her in the eye.

"Got me a horse," he told me.

I expect it's enough saying little Dan was horse-crazy.

He stood there looking perturbed at her in the eye. She was like a statue there and looked back at him calm and never looked away from him. She wasn't horse-smiling at him or whupped-puppy-scared. She had no thing in her eye that could cause you anger at her . . . nothing stubborn, nothing lazy, nothing indifferent. She was looking out of the superior world of wronged statues and why should she move any more?

"She got a beautiful head," Danny said. "Hung down, but a fine shapely head and hung down with di'nity." He stepped one whole step toward her with his arm stretched out front of him and his hand a big bit more than jest dirty and his littlest finger pointing and elegant . "See that line?" He drew down the line of her nose-bone. "A beautiful line. She got gashed here. Her mouth is small. Them eyes could show much feeling, weren't she so covered over and sad."

She had a beautiful head. All her parts were small and were pretty but her grim broken back. She had one split ear. The top of her mane was tossed forward and sprayed over her forehead like mischief. And them eyes, aye, they were sad and tired and covered over, only hid after that, she was proud. She was a beautiful, mournful little old lady.

"I like her very well," he said and he rubbed her nose. "Now DAYNGIT, why don't she move?"

I just looked at her. I didn't know how to make her move.

"Where did you get her at?"

Dan scuffed around and went over to stand close to the row of Indians. He took a long breath. "Phillip, I got the pay of my first fifteen dollars from work for Mr. Hausevan-Dike and this is what I got me."

"You pay fifteen DOLLARS for THIS? You're gonna . . . ."

"Name I call her is 'Fogelsang.' "

Lord-boy. That shut me off from sayin' any other thing. That was a wonder. I point to her and says that I wondered, "What did you name her that after?"

"I got it from that Henry Wadswat Longfellow sap that teacher thinks you ain't lived 'til she makes you learn him." He stepped back and he posed and he recited:

" 'THE WRAITH OF ODIN

The guests were loud, the ale was strong,
King Olaf feasted late and long;
The hoary Scalds together sang;
O'erhead the smokey rafters rang.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.
The door swung wide, with creak and din;
A blast of . . . air came in . . .'

"And then some one-eye guest come up and then, 'Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang' all over the place and I didn't learn the rest of it because I don't like and that's why I ain't in school today because I'm supposed to recite it. Why ain't you? Anyways, old Sir Morten keeps buttin' in and he don't have nothing to do with the story."

Danny was backed up right against the brim of an Indian stiff black-hat. Danny figured he was close to it. He stands there. Frowns.

"I went to school this morning," I told him.

And Dan stood there . . . was serious with a great frowning problem on his face struggling and losing against the jumping little dickens in his eyes . . . and then he turns around taking the high-eyed look of a city lawyer about him and looked down at the Indian wearing the hat and the Indian looked straight at him without looking up and Danny's high-lawyer-eyed look flew and he glares back at the Indian like what-you-will.

Herewith out of his row of gloom (this Indian that Danny was facing it with was the noble man of today's picture postcards, having a face long and hard-jawed and hollow in places with bold leather cheeks . . . having the far-eyed vision of some huge and pacific natural wisdom in his fast, genius-like eyes . . . he was a man, but after that, he had no age; and I think that he could rightly be picked to be the picture for the whole row of Indians there, anywhere, the picture of all the Geronimos and the Crazy Horses and Hiawathas that ever posed in gloomy rows of picture postcards and mourned of their remembered chiefs), this Indian smiled. Slow and cast in iron, his smile turned up.

Quick, Danny turned and went toward his horse, looking back over his shoulder at the Indian once and smiling shortly.

"Fogelsong, uh?" I says.

"FOGELSANG."

Dan petted her neck, "I be through trying to get her moving."

"Lady Fogelsang," I said. "Well, little brother, the lady is goin' to cause you to probably get the life skinned out of you by Dad . . . her and skipping from school."

"That I know and I'm goin' out the ranch so because."

Lady Fogelsang lifted one hoof and before she set it down again, Dan was mounted. And she did set it down and that's all.

"DAYNGIT!" Danny said.

"You're takin' her out the ranch . . . ."

"Ee-up. Old Lady Fogelsang, old widder for,

'Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The guests were loud, the ale was strong.

King Olaf feasted late, and long;

The hoary Scal . . . .' "

"I ain't going to school either this afternoon." (This was Friday.) "I'm goin' out the ranch with you."

"O.K. When shall we leave?"

We discussed it in jocular. 'Sif we had the decision. But it was about noon now. If we'd leave then, we would be out at the ranch about get-up time in the morning. Ranch was about thirty miles out here towards Echo, in the hills. We used to do this pretty often, only we rode out or drove a wagon out. I guess I just didn't think about it that day . . . that I was going to have to walk. Because Danny was riding his sway-back horse, I didn't think about how I was traveling. Lord I remember it's a long long walk. The ranch, y'see, belonged to the grandparents . . . while our folks lived here in Pendleton . . . m'dad was an 'original' Pendleton merchant. Dan and me just went betwixt them as we pleasured and if we weren't one place, we were assumed to be the other (except school time of course), and nobody worried much, long as the both of us were gone together. No need in them days, when everybody was of no great single matter and knew it and yet knew he had a sure and single place in the whole matter.

"Come on, old Fogey," Dan said. "I WANT a take you out to PASTURE." He couldn't reach her flanks, so he straightened his legs along up her back and spurred her like a bronc-rider, but she sure did not buck.

Then this Indian that Danny had the face-down with got up.

He went up to Lady Fogelsang's head. He bent from his waist until he was even with her hung-down head. He grabbed his brown-iron, high-veined hand around her split ear. And then he threw down his look (glazed eyes like deep, deep glass going sightless to the endless heart of space and there, seeing all) into her eye. He looked at her something fierce. Not mean, nor cruel . . . just fierce.

"HORSE." He said the word like an announcement . . . like a stern, positive noise. He waited.

"GO AWAY." He pulled her ear and let it go.

Horse went.

Tired and sighing and just going on forever broken, she thought, she went walking away; and I walking beside; and Danny riding her and turning again, once, to the Indian and smiling shortly.

"Hey Phillip, I want this to be a avenger!"

"AN advenshur."

"How's my old fifteen-dollar gal?" he petted her neck and she just kept goin' wearily.

"Ain't I a LOONEY fellow, Phil?"

Lady Fogelsang, when we was only a mile out, suffered a transformance.

Lord-boy! not much . . . but it was a gay thing to see. I think this was the thing of it: She had found out she was not being driven through any definite and closed-off streets of town and that she was not expected to do anything but walk through the country and over the hills with a boy on her back, even if she sagged and swayed a little. She had been broken being a delivery-wagon horse and being every other kind of town horse; maybe she was a town horse all her days before and had never seen the country nor smelled its smell, I don't know . . . I don't know. Oh but she loved it laying her ears out and squinting as a man stretches. Up she carried her head . . . uncovered her eyes and brought up the proud calm. She snorted and swished her tail. Here she was, out in the open country just drifting out over the hills and the air drifting too . . . the free, open, beautiful, moving air of the country.

Howbeit, whatever the reason or the mystery, Lady Fogelsang was taken with life then; and from there to her death, she was no longer a cheerless, and tired, and sad old lady; she was a happy, sad old lady.

From then, she lived the Short Life of Lady Fogelsang.

Another thing was, she was going somewhere. She knew she was going to a place where things would be good . . . she knew something such, because she was walking now with a surety—not faster, and she didn't have no jaunt left in her, not lighter, but with a conviction.

I may tell you! I was gettin' right up to the kind of miserable that that word nor any other cannot intimate. I was head-hot with my temples thumping. I was walking through that windless heat with my feet burning and I do know, I know the feeling of walking through fire. You are truly miserable enough to comprehend nothing but your feeling and you cannot, want not think about it or why you take the next step or why you wanted to after you take it. You don't say any word and you don't even mumble. Your mouth is filled with cotton. And you're given no visions of cool oases; having no understanding of anywhere you have ever been or are going . . . you're only walking and miserable . . . it's like a terror like that. You hadn't any location.

Location to location. I think man's life is on location. When he has no location or can't find any . . . then a man is not, for then, living his life.

I see this gets to be some philosophy or other . . . when it gets all wrapped up and laid aside for scholarship. Anyways, the meaning of it is: Is a body a Being or is it a Body after it's been so racked with feeling it can comprehend nothing else. It's the exact same thing as ecstasy must be.

Well now, then. Just, it seems some important to me to get back into everything of that day . . . . That day, those days, that time . . . who wouldn't like to get back to a day, a time? Within location and without?

Least, it was bad as I describe it . . . now and then. Oh certainly not all that afternoon. Most the way we followed the river. When we left it, there was a tree here-and-there. Only goin' and goin' without stopping was what was working me like a horse. We come to a tree, if I'd stop, I had to double-time it out after Danny on his horse, 'cause Lady Fogelsang just preferred not to stop.

Come evening, it was all O.K. and perfect. We went to a draw where there was a spring we knew. Here, Lady Fogelsang drank and stopped walking. Dan and me took our ease and the old gal grazed (being a grey mist-mare, she seemed . . . a grazing cloud in the gloaming). The dark came down fast, then,

and we started again. Lady Fogelsang was some trouble to stop grazing and get started again, "DAYNGIT you sappy old potbelly! I give fifteen dollars for the rescue of you'n now you won't even go the rest the way to pasture." "Come on, Lady Fogelsang. 'HORSE . . . GO AWAY.' Eeya . . . hwoop walking yet, but eased and freshened now. And old grey Lady . . . ha!". "We ain't never to get her to walking again."

But she did and we started again . . . Danny riding and I Fogelsang walking too, ears up but head down again to see where she was goin'—not hung down—and surely, so surely going to walk right up to the cliffs of the thundering black sea; probably not stopping even there but going on forever, now she was happy . . . but slow, taking her own sweet time going to forever.

And it was cool now, in the night.

And there was the moon now . . . gold, cold fairy-planet that I always thought of the back side and the wondrous and weird things thereof . . . in the night.

From the sway-back of his horse, Danny says, "Rolls and sways. Waves and rolls and sways. She rides like the tide . . . rrr-OWL, sss-WAY, SPLASH. How far the ocean, Phil? About a hunderd times to the ranch?"

"No, about ten."

"How far's the ranch, Phil?"

"Thirty mile."

"Gee-boy! That's what three hunderd mile be like . . . the distance of 'em huh? We been to the sea sev'ral times by distance, haven't we, Phil? Did you like the sea when you was there, Phil?"

This was always a thing made my spine well shiver . . . when Danny'd ask a thing like this.

"Dan, I ain't ever BEEN to the ocean."

"I been. I been there when I used to be a bronc-snapper when I was older. I saw it. It was beautiful, Phillip. It was great and fearful."

I ain't thought of this for a good length. I remember it takin' us a long time to teach . . . well, not TEACH . . . to get it into his head that you don't be old before you are young. Always the same . . . he always had done things when he used to be a bronc-rider.

"Let's go down to the ocean. O.K. Phillip? This will be an avenger. C'mon old Fogey, we'll go there this night and you'll pasture down by the sea."

This night . . . this night . . . . Grey the hills, all painter's haze-grey, touchless hills without any form of reality and washed out like that in this haze of the moon And the haze moon-lit in every flake and drop . . . that old silver haze, false haze, haze of the moon. But oh, this night reigning in might and myth and in conception grander even than its sky . . . and, aye, that old sky at high-moon now, swept and summer-starred.

Out there at night, you may well know, this country that is all brawny and tough ranch country . . . grass hills and canyons and rock ridges spread from the Columbia River's eternal wind and sagebrush . . . place of desert toads and inland seagulls . . . to clean up onto the feet of the Blue Mountains' blue cone-trees . . . place of glens of mule deer . . . this here country can be all as strange and alive of weird things as the brothers Grimm's Black Forest or an Irish heath. Well a boy, and a dang lot weller two boys with an eerie old sway-back mare that seemed aware of some shadow-life, could keep observing from the corners of his eyes to catch a dusty phantom, or the regal, savage ghost of a Umatilla warrior roaming the night of his old lands, or one of the twit-eyed little trolls that live with the coyotes along the ridges in that old silver haze, false haze of the moon.

If he could think of that, he could soon think of real Indians waiting in the open dark like live rocks to jump up around us and take us off to some unknown Indian place, some mountain place of the last Indians. Real enough Indians too, in them old days when once, one night in my father's house in Pendleton, I looked up at a window and saw there an Indian peering in. Real enough Indians for the romance of war and hate and evil they suffered against their death . . . against the end of their way. Not true Indians though, like the one that got Lady Fogelsang started and was smiling with Danny. Not really true even like the Indian in the window, for he was drunk and his face was sad.

"Do you know what Samuel the carter says, Phil? He tells that when the wind howls up a dust storm—he says that's Beelzabub's def-yant test'ment that he rules the earth and all—he says that when that dust gets wailed up thick and stuffy, there's a place out here where the naaken have orgy with French priests."

"NAAKEN?"

"Yes."

Silence. Walking. Smugness. Pride. Jealousy. Stubbornness. Walking. Silence.

"All right sap, what's NAAKEN?"

"Things like bad fairies."

"Samuel is addle-head."

"He makes good talk. He's old. All old men's addle-head."

"Grandad ain't."

"He tells a tale O.K. I like 'em to be addle-head."

Soon Dan was a boy swayed asleep on the back of his horse. The travelin' moon was nigh home. And Lady Fogelsang, she was traveling home too. And me, I was clean unfreshed and tired . . . I would have liked to stop Lady Fogelsang and mounted her double, but I was afraid she would not start again. You recall the feeling you had if your modern-day car ever broke down far out a country road and you see the mood you could have had if you were a lad deep in the hills long ago when country was COUNTRY and felt like it, felt like it belonged to God and Distance, not to men, even farmers . . . if you were like that and your horse broke down at the strangest hour of the night when spiders are most active.

To myself I say out loud, "Come on . . . come on, come on. Hey you sap, old Lady Fogelsang's tired as you. D-da-da-dum-do-do-doo. Come on, come on. Weary weary weary . . ." things of nonsense like that as a sort of drug to keep me going. The moon went home and for some time there was just the dark and somewhat cold.

Then the dawning was come, the awareness of it sudden, dawning gentle by lifting off the black and pouring over all some shy grey, touching some colors and forgetting the dew. And then I got this notion of the exact, complete comprehension of my location.

There must be a place somewhere this has come to you. Don't doubt it. It don't necessarily have to have been any place of great ocular qualities. It probably is not. This place was not. It was just along a canyon bottom at dawning. Just a dirt canyon. The notion come like fainting and then being shocked by electricity back to conscious hyper-keen. The feeling was like when you wake up fresh and WANT to get up though you expected to wake up groggy and loathing of getting up. Cool and delicately concerned with no single thing in especial, while concerned with the total of all things in your mind. Cool and quick in your body.

That's all. It was just a notion. Gone in the instant of its thrill. But there, I was exactly, terrifically, *absolutely* realizing that this canyon, as all of it I could see by turning both ways, was WHERE I WAS. There I was thrilled to discover my whole location on earth at that instant there. It was an intimate thing yet an open thing. It was the simplest wisdom there is . . . only come to by emotion. You see, there I understood this with feeling, understanding that that was all on earth there was to understand.

The canyon and I, set on Earth. And the moving, dawning morning.

I did not awake Danny and try to share it with him.

Still, the moment passed and though we were now close to the ranch, I just got too tired. I tried to stop Lady Fogelsang. She would not stop. I yanked Danny.

"I want to get up and ride."

"Huh?"

"I'm tired. Help me up."

"You won't like it very much. She ain't got any ginger. I got gypsied on this old Fogey. Hurr-yup Lady Fogelsang, can't you even hurry to your pasture? Dayngit. I wanted this to be a avenger."

We got me up and in a few hills we came up onto the ranch headquarters. 'Twas a pretty small ranch. There were two hired men who were washing up for breakfast on the porch. Grandad was doing somethin' with a cow's hoof. And in the corral there, was the biggest, the most dynamite of a blue-black stallion I ever see. I never did ask anybody about that big black . . . where it come from . . . what happened to it. I never saw it again. Oh, it was truly a devil standing huge there, stomping and tossing its mane and glaring out through frozen haughty eyes. When you saw it, thunder crashed and all the cymbals. It'd swish its tail and dance and the dust rose up 'round it like smoke from way, far under the ground.

When Dan saw it, he was off Lady Fogelsang in a jig.

"This looks like a horse with GINGER ginger. By dayng! Let the Fogey graze, Phillip. Take this black, now . . . ."

So the black was alongside the fence and while it was nosing with Lady Fogelsang (she had stopped), little Dan goes up the fence and over onto the black (I don't know how . . . God knows how) and there the corral exploded.

It was Danny gettin' the whump bumped out'n him. Like a busted spring the black goes up and comes down like a driven wedge, legs stiff and near all together so he hits the whole mountain of him in one shattering spot. The dust poufs up thick then and you can't see him stretch and buck up fast, terrible hard, blown up out of a crazy fury. Lord-boy! Little Dan got a manly ride with that black. He took to it with joy. It was, oh Lord, it was something wonderful. That big blue-black stallion raging the limits of the corral, being a frenzied, boiling duster by his lone . . . and Danny clamped on his back like a jockey with his hands twisted into that wild black mane and screaming, "'THE - GUESTS - WERE - LOUD - THE - ALE - WAS - STRONG — DEAD - RIDES — SIR - MORTON - OF - FOGELSANG.'" Aye, it was brawny.

I'm still sitting on Lady Fogelsang. I couldn't even figure what Danny had done for a minute. Then the anti-explosion happened: Grandma came scurrying out onto the porch quick and with her spatula swishing, yelling, "LEW, YOU GET THAT BOY OFF THAT HORSE," (even Danny heard her, he was later to say) at Grandad who, with the hired men, was already leaping over the fence for all his years.

But nobody got to do anything. Because that big devil black came up out of a fresh dust cloud, snapped his head up, pointing his chin unto heaven, slashed it back down through his front legs . . . and the while, he laid out his hind-quarters high and pretty and then he twisted 'em around smooth-as-sin so he was half horizontal and half vertical . . . then untwisted it all and landed ready to buck again. Of course, somewhere in the above, Danny left him. High up, so little he was for the black, and wriggling he went, and just before he dropped he struck his arm out pointing and yelled, "HEY! ROOFS!"

He landed close to the fence and almost before he hit, Grandad and the men had the black quieted and in a corner. I walked Lady Fogelsang along the fence to where Danny sat; Grandma went with me. She said, "Why'd you let him do that, Phil?"

I said, "I ain't grown-up. I don't allow him nor disallow him." Because that always bothered me when Grandad and Grandma talked about Danny as the important one to be protected by me. Well, I won't fib: Danny was the favorite with them and I did not like it, for I figured I liked them as much as he did.

Grandad came over. Leather, all leather was his skin; and his face cracked and weathered and set with a precise, soulful mouth and with those two-depthed, cream-blue eyes, and with two tufty, frosted-grey eyebrows in the leather. "You all right boy?"

"Yump."

Then Grandad laughed. Danny laughed. I laughed. The hired men laughed. Even Grandma finally laughed. Danny looked up at Grandad and through the fence at his happy, sad old sway-back mare. And maybe she was laughing at him too.

"What were you yellin' up there, Dan?" I asked him.

"Roofs. ROOFS. I could see the roofs!"

"And what's it like up there, Dan? one of the hired men asked him.

And Danny says, "High. Dayng HIGH."

We pastured Lady Fogelsang in the near pasture to the house and we took her some sugar . . . she liked that . . . it's sad that we didn't do more . . . sad we did not spend more time with her that day . . . but I suppose we needn't have . . . she was surely happy. She even frisked a little.

Then we persuaded Grandad to let us skip out of school for a couple of days—though actually, we were there and would have to skip one day anyway. Grandad was a learned man, but he did not think school necessary. Our father did. There was frequent war on this matter. Then we spent a boys' day on the farm.

In that evening, Dan and I sat on the porch, though we were both verily tired. Grandad and Grandma were in the sitting room reading to each other by the yellow, wrinkled light of the burning lamp. (Do you know, there was a feeling about life in those old days. It was a musty air but a lively air. It was tied up with such like as: dim rooms full of smells of books and cats and food and burned "scent" and the real, different smell of day from night . . . dim rooms filled with a visible dimness floated around focal points of sunlight or moonlight come in through small, open windows: moss on roofs; unpainted wood houses or stone houses; wood sidewalks; dusty roads; muddy roads; ease, and the grace of young to stop and talk with old men who sat in front of stores or in yards. Oh, all very common things . . . things you might find today some few places . . . but THEN it was the whole feeling of life. I expect the dimness was the thing biggest—easy, warm dimness—things

not all sharp and clean like they be today. Old men napped afternoons and puttered mornings and played whist evenings. Now, old men can only stand around like bewildered bunches of cattle when they go downtown. Now, old men sleep mornings and afternoons and nap evenings. Oh it's gone now, that feeling; I know it.)

Danny, just out of blue nowhere, asked me, "What you think she was thinking, Phil?"

"Grandma?"

"Not Grandma . . . who knows what she's thinking any time? What did Lady Fogelsang think?"

"What'd she *think*?"

"Yes, when I rode the black?"

"I don't know what'd she think. She sure weren't jealous. She wasn't even paying any attention. She didn't think anything, y'sap."

"She didn't even look? Was you watchin her?"

"Huh-heh, heck no; I's watching you fly."

"I feel like she watched."

"Okay . . . well? Why?"

" 'Cause when I got up, she was lookin' at me."

"Dayng. Well?"

"I feel like she was laughin' at me. I think she felt like *she* threw me, 'stead of that black. I think she liked doin' that. I think she likes it out here, don't you, Phil? I think she likes us. You think she knows where she is, Phil?"

"Yes. I think she always knows where she is all the time."

"I don't never feel like I'm here when we get out here, do you? I always feel like I wonder when I ever left town. Then, in town, I feel that some way like I's back out here."

"You mean jest when you get to some place, you feel like you never left some place else. Me too, sometimes."

"Boy! I really felt like I was there when I hit the ground off that black. I always know where I am when I get bucked. 'Specially when I used to be a bronc-buster. I never got bucked onto rocks. Did you?"

"I never rode nothing to get bucked off of."

"He wasn't much of a bronc. Me'n Lady Fogelsang are like each other; she lets the black buck and I watch you twist."

"Aw you're pretty good. You jest ain't interested. Old Lady Fogelsang, she prob'ly never got to buck in her life, did she,

Phil? But she's got a pasture now. Ain't she wonderful because she's happy, Phil?"

It was the dark before the moon when, from out the near pasture where Lady Fogelsang was, we heard a kind of sighing, happy, long whinny.

And next morning she was dead in the pasture with her eyes closed.



Poem

working in the fields
on a summer day
the sun brilliant lolling overhead

i feel the beginnings of sweat
trickling down my face
beads of water
so tiny
yet as heavy as the scythe i swing
they touch my tongue
and the taste is salty
and i know that truly

I

am a son of god
and that

God

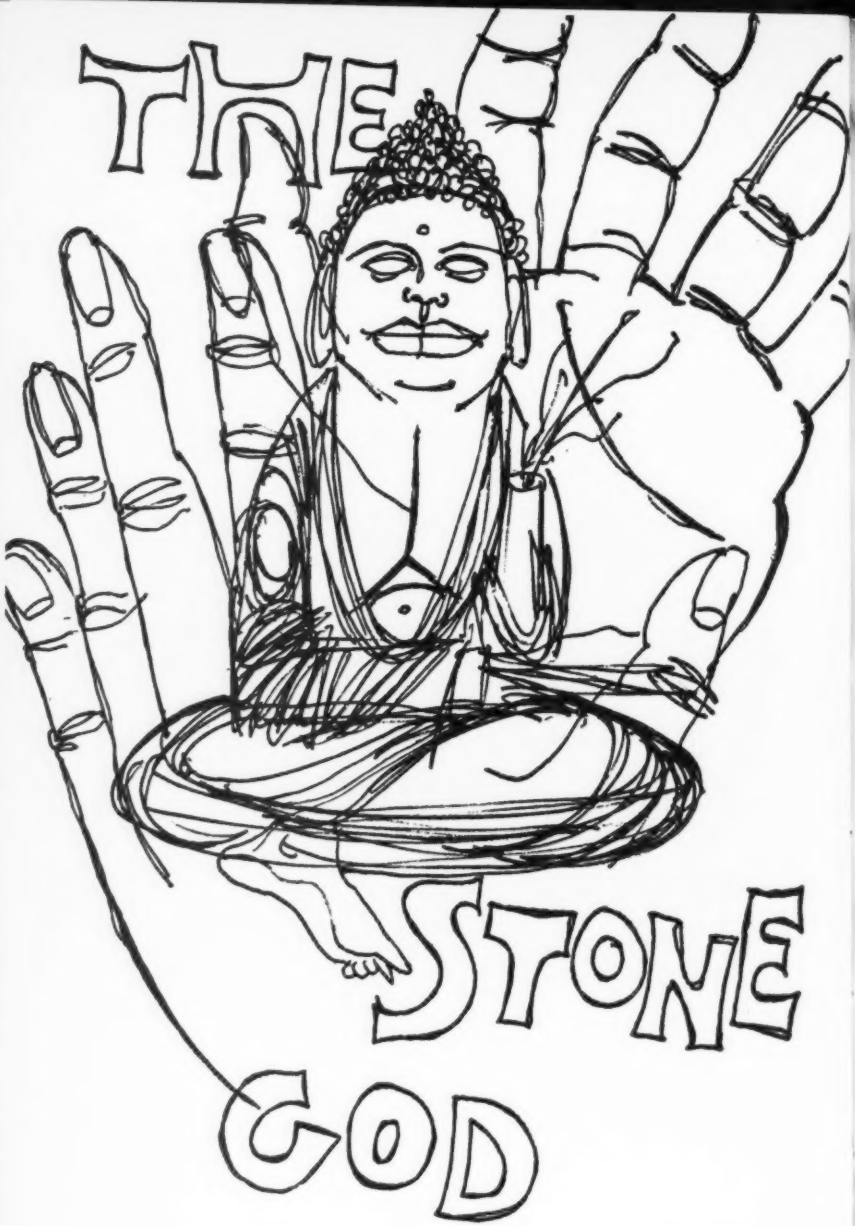
is the salt of the earth

—*Kenneth Karcher*

Patricia Clare Lamb

Plus Royaliste Que Le Roi

Who would have thought these things could be to me
Such patterns of familiarity, which long
Were strange. In fact, I have encompassed them
And daily move, as I have moved today,
Past time-dark wood and damask walls and sudden
Glints of gold-leaf from the single panel
Of a presumed polyptych. How this place
Is marked and signed for you to pass, full of
Encounters which I recognise in paint
And flesh, attendant lords. How grand a place
It would be for a grand design, should we
Come face to face atop stairs opposite,
Above this space of pigments in repose
And glares of wistful incredulity. But you
Do not appear. I am as one who waits
To glimpse a gleam of king, but find he takes
A different route, today.


THE
STONE
GOD

Hugh McEachern

a crack
somewhere in the dimness sharp and faint and sudden somewhere in the dying day behind the fading window and before the window always the hand straining for the sky
reaching always for the manna that comes never the hand of china before the white dim window reaching ever the endless hands straining yellow beneath the stone gray granite sky pausing but to lift the final shovel for those too wasted by hunger or age to reach again or to care even
a crack
somewhere again behind the white dim square sharp and. no. before the square. or at the square. before the square. the white grows darker. darker and cold and growing colder. not really though at sixty below spittle freezes and cracks like a rifle. close breath clouds the smell of wool of clay and dust of stone and tallow melted. behind the square the iron sky.

Another crack and he sits up in bed staring at the hand on the window sill. the water. clay cracks when it freezes. the water does it. But the window is dim and only a silhouette is visible.

"Jesus" Gene says out loud rubbing his eyes with the heels of his hands "almost dark." His feet go over the side of the bed. "Jesus" he says when they touch the cold floor. Groping he finds his shoes and pulls the blanket from the bed about his shoulders.

"Christ," he says, exasperated, when he pulls the light switch and nothing happens. "Jesus Christ." He remembers the candle then and lights it and goes to the window, shielding the flame with his palm cupped. The three cracks run parallel through the clay moulded hand from the wrist to the finger-webs. Anxiously he wheels to the corner, but it is warmer there

and the pedestalled shape sits unharmed—the crossed legs, the lifted arms, the collapsed face unchanged. He gazes up at it relief-wilted, reeling lightly from three days without food (but unconcerned for since early summer only the statue has mattered and when his money was gone the formality of eating had been as simple to relinquish as soft drinks or chocolates during Lent). Clay lifted arms ending at the wrists, support wires protruding where the hands and fingers will be. The practice hands scattered about the room—three on the floor, five on the bench by the table, the cracked one on the window sill—all reaching, palms-up, from their armless mounts. The two most sensitive stand on the table. and by tomorrow night they shall be on the arms. then to begin at last. after seven years of learning of practice to begin the first real work. after seven years of shallow uninspired marbles and soapstones of chipping and grinding granite and limestone to begin at last.

He turns back and opens the window, and brings in a bottle of port from the snow on the ledge outside. "Jesus," he breathes on his hand, to warm it. "What a night for the current to go off. No light. No heat. Everytime it snows in this goddam town . . ." The red ribbon still around the wine bottle. "Merry Christmas," she said when she knocked on the door and handed it to him. that was nice enough but you would have thought that advance was the greatest favor in the world. every other thursday for fifteen years and two weeks advance rent is the worlds greatest favor.

Gene opens the wine. The cap says 87c. He rubs it off. It turns his thumb blue.

After the first few swallows he is hungrier, but the feeling passes. just dizzy. a red ribbon. dizzy and empty. christmas eve. a round place on the ledge in the snow where the wine bottle was. and ten stories below white dim rivers of snow between the drenched walls the streets and alleys winding between the wet dark tenements. and all ovr kansas city the lights are out. above the city stars like leaves on the tide. and stars fall burning bright through the censoring sky never reaching earth or when they do altered to but cinders. christmas eve.

Suddenly weak and tired, Gene sits down on the bed. In the opposite corner the withered shape, barely visible in the thin constant glow of the candle. Candlelight on the still clay. With soapstone or marble he would work directly but always

with granite the clay model first for inspiration to him is a fragile, ephemeral thing and granite is hard and insouciantly slow. Already the face is gone and he could never again begin with nothing and repeat what is there in the clay before him, restrained in the moulded visage.

Staring across at the shape, Gene drinks again from the wine. Buddha in the twentieth century. each dawn in hong kong carts go through the streets

> collecting the bodies of the one or two hundred beggars that starved to death in the gutters during the night. beggars always die in the dark it seems so if the carts make their rounds at sunrise the streets are clear for the rest of the day. and each dawn on the road to the burners they roll laden beneath the gilt-pillared temples where the buddhas sit smiling. still fat still smiling and each day for centuries have the carts rolled by in the morning sun.

but that is wrong. they shall see. buddha thinner now in the twentieth and sadder and wiser.

Gene leans back, ascetic, resting his head against the wall. they shall see. no longer bronze and fat but wretched gaunt as the generations forsaken. no nirvana now hands lifted from the knees reaching palms up and hopeless to the vacant china sky. the lines the hollows in the clay face already of the poverty of the shy useless dignity of yellow generations that have come and endured and gone knowing not a year without sickness a night without hunger. ribs showing along the trunk. withered hands. and soon descended forever in the gray eternal granite a god descended among his people.

Tilting the bottle, Gene swallows audibly. Beyond the window the stars are bright.

A crack: sudden, sharp. so it is already that cold in the corner.

Gene moves abruptly, shielding the candle. cracked through the left knee. the knee all right but never again the face never again never again.

He pulls the blanket from his shoulders and drapes it over the wires extending from the wrists. The folds hang about the pedestal in a slender tent. He removes his sweater and, reaching inside, wraps it about the head carefully. Then he puts the candle too inside, standing it upon the pedestal.

Gene finds his way back to the mattress, shuddering when

his bared arm brushes the iron cold of a bedpost. With the candle obscured, the room is in total darkness.

When the wine is gone he is warm at last inside. dizzy and warm and empty and sleepy inside. the window dim and the stars all glittering frosted leaves on the dark silent tide of night.

"Jesus," he yawns, "that wine. Too much wine on an empty stomach . . ." His eyelids droop. He opens them. "Not when it is this cold, you don't go to sleep. Yes, yes you do. You don't wake up." They droop again. His chin rests on his breastbone. "Yes you don't. Yes. Because alcohol lowers . . . yes. Lowers . . . lowers . . ."

leaves on the dark tide moving on the tide of the river. willow leaves dying and dropping and drifting on the sunset tide. lying dry and deep on the riverbank and only the sound of rustling as she walks through the wild warm heart of september. then on the river the lights of the city burning like stars on the river.

no lights tonight though cold alcohol is not really warm. and there too all over china the lamps are out descended to cold soulless stone . . . alcohol is not. not. alcohol lowers . . .

a crack

from the boat moving silent long ago beside the bank the sound of the rifle sudden and flat and sharp and the squirrel dropping through the leaves and into the river later on the stove it looked like a newborn baby until we divided it

. . . resistance

resistance alcohol lowers it is not really warm. resistance to the cold. to morningless sleep to so long a cold.

through the white frozen rivers below the plows will roll in the morning sun leaving the snow dying in the gutters piled and dying covered and dying in the sun like the sheeted patients in a long windowed ward

resist

better quicker anyway out in the trees scattered thin and clean in the leafy shade but to sleep so cold so long so soon

a crack

faint somewhere before the window in the darkness of the room and in the outer darkness beyond the white dim window beyond the ledge and leaves and sky somewhere beyond the silent deep sidereal tide there is no tide no night no leaf at all

Richard O'Keefe

Oil on Water

Effigies of rainbow, lost,
Re-membered, fail again.
The colors, haphazardly mixed,
Wear dream's inconsistencies,
The dreamer's changing face
On which no mask stays fixed.

So I follow a ghost
That eludes, the tricky stain
Of confused memory, washed
In the sudden streets of pain.
Always in gutters the rain
Wakes the stained cathedral face.

John Gutknecht

The Invisible Thread

"In lane one," bellowed the public address, "holder of the Soviet 1500 meter record, Yevgeni Monotkov!" Immediately echoed a thunderous ovation from 16,000 New Yorkers who didn't care *where* he was from as long as he held a record. The Russian, wearing needle-spiked red shoes with three white stripes, stepped quickly onto the banked board track. Encompassed by a moving spotlight, he jogged twelve yards up the track and back to the start. His stride was typically European, choppy and short, yet economical and effortless.

. . . and in lane two, member of the American Olympic team in Rome, George Young, U.S. Army." The spotlight shifted momentarily to a second pair of shoes, white with green stripes, which now moved from the infield onto the track and stopped beside the Russian. The applause continued, although detectably less than that received by the Soviet champion.

As I watched distractedly from beside the high jump pit the remaining two mile entries were announced. Each was a colorfully clad representative of some country, college or club. Yet each, in a way, resembled the rest, for their faces were all rather hollow-cheeked and hungry-looking. Some, like the Russian, appeared more elderly and underfed than others. Their

faces were especially striking in contrast to the double-chinned faces of the AAU officials who hovered around the starting line.

These are the two milers of the past, I thought, whose running has probably regressed to jogging a lap in the gym before their steam baths. And for a moment I reflected on the sadness of a runner growing old.

I anticipated the announcement of my own name, yet somehow hoped that it wouldn't be called. They say even the greatest athletes suffer extreme anxiety and feelings of helplessness before a race. Subconsciously they even seek socially acceptable reasons for withdrawing. "Well I guess that qualifies you for the harrier's hall of fame," I said to myself. And for a moment I even speculated on the advantages of growing old.

". . . and in lane seven, John Gutknecht, running unattached," (and mispronounced). I self-consciously directed my own feet into the spotlight and jogged the customary twelve yards up and back to the start. There was some polite applause, then silence. "What did you expect," I asked myself, "a standing ovation?"

"All right runners, disrobe." It was the official starter speaking. He was surrounded by three identically attired and dignified looking finish judges and an official lap counter. All displayed white carnations on one lapel and scarlet Knights of Columbus ribbons on the other. Their manner and dress suggested that it was certainly an honor to be an AAU official in Madison Square Garden.

"Only one command before the gun," he explained. "Twenty-two laps. Now . . . Get set!" But suddenly all attention shifted to the pole vault pit where Don Bragg, a broad shouldered Fabian, was poised for his last attempt at sixteen feet. Already possessor of the world's record, his latest ambition is to play Tarzan in the movies. He looks and acts the part, spitting in the sawdust when he misses, and beating his chest when he makes. When the stands had become silent, he decided to prolong the drama by retaping his white fiberglass pole.

"Runners, get set!" There was a pause, then the gun, and seven two milers moved in unison away from the start toward the first of forty-four banked board turns. I was lightheaded from accelerated deep breathing before the gun, and my feet seemed to barely brush the track. Then there appeared a "21" laps to go card and I settled into a steady pace in second place,

seeing only the red shoes before me and hearing only unidentified footsteps behind.

The chopping stride of the red shoes was fascinating, and the effect of their tempo was almost hypnotic. The recent flood of foreign distance runners into the States had stimulated public interest in the two mile event. *Sports Illustrated* had even called it the "glamor event of the indoor circuit." "Indoor circus" seemed more appropriate. The performers are practically the same in every meet. Only the spectators change as the traveling track show moves from city to city.

Somebody shouted at the half mile, "2:16!" and I realized that the pace was unusually slow. The first half of a race always passes quickly. It's not until fatigue sets in that time starts to drag.

"Wonder why somebody doesn't pass the Russian and pick up the pace?" I thought. "But who'd challenge a Russian champion with a mile and a half to go? Not me!"

There was a groan of disappointment from the stands as "Tarzan" Bragg swung skyward, hit the cross bar with his chest, and landed hard in the pit. He shook his bulky shoulders, split in the sawdust, and received a round of applause for his dramatic effort. *This* was the glamor event of the indoor circuit.

"4:36 mile!" called the official timer. Apparently this was turning out to be a tactical two mile.

"Too slow! Pick it up!" the NYAC coach shouted at me from his box seat beside the first curve.

But then on the far turn I heard, "Stay with the pace, Gute! Let him set it up!" It was the Baltimore Olympic Club coach. When you run unattached everybody thinks he's your coach.

Acting on impulse I pulled out on the next straightaway and impetuously moved past the Russian. Track fans are funny. They madly cheer anyone who sprints out boldly but foolishly ahead of the pack. It doesn't matter at all if he collapses three laps from the finish. But having once committed myself as the pacesetter I now had no choice but to make an immediate and allout effort to break the invisible thread connecting me to the positional runners behind.

For I am a front runner, one who is sadly devoid of natural swiftness. Like the turtle, a front runner's only attribute is stamina. Whatever the cost he must break away from his pursuers before they begin their closing rush for the tape. But the

relentless pounding at my heels was an unpleasant reminder that the invisible thread was still intact.

"Seven, seven to go!" In a two mile there's lots of time—far too much time—to think. And as fatigue mounts, time slows down. I believe I was afraid of those red shoes. Or maybe it was not the shoes so much as the standard of skill which they represented. But the strongest driving force in competition is fear. And the invisible thread was still unbroken.

"Two laps! Two laps!" yelled the official lap counter. In an effort to save strength and maintain the narrow lead I speeded up on the straightaway and slowed slightly on the curve. I could hear only one pair of shoes behind me now, but I didn't look back. I only rebuked myself for laxity in premeet training sessions, the wasted days of practice that were too wet, too cold, or too something. I denounced myself for failing to make each day's workout a new lesson in self persecution that would make the rest of life's races seem easy. And I vowed that someday I would be so callous toward fear and fatigue that I could pass through the pain barriers that tonight *had* caused me to yield.

For when the starter's gun signaled the beginning of the last lap, the invisible thread was still intact. There was still the ever-present pounding of those relentless red shoes. Coming high off the last curve I swung wide in a futile attempt to prevent the inevitable. But the red shoes passed by so easily, as if to say, "C'mon, Unattached, what's holding you back?" And so the thread stretched . . . and snapped.

Then someone was saying, "Nice try, young fellow."

"Young fellow, hell!" I thought, but was too breathless to reply.

To the delight of the spectators the winner was striding an ovation lap. "He's not very tired," observed an old friend who had providentially appeared at the finish line.

"He's not very cocky either," I replied sarcastically. "Maybe it's a Russian custom or something . . ."

"Russian? The Russian stepped off the track when you passed him."

"Then who . . .?"

"Oh that's Vic Zwolac, Villanova freshman. Only been running two years. Go get a shower. I'll buy you a beer."

Three Poems

George Arrick

She
whom the little boy
waving his bubble ring
against the wind
saw me kiss next to the bush
whose last lilacs
were picked for the wilting table
understands how enough poems make
this blackgreen leaf live in her hands.

In corners crowded
with past prostituted dreams
crouch conjuring men exciting madness
from mundane lives;
slick mouths grimace,
anticipate all thunder from unborn worlds
in the moment's liquid fleetness,
and the terrible sound of the clock
swells in feverish hands.

Nowhere precisely beyond your deep mouth,
more than disbelieving is to several long deaths,
have lips so precariously resurrected the perfect antithesis
of old hands breaking brown leaves.

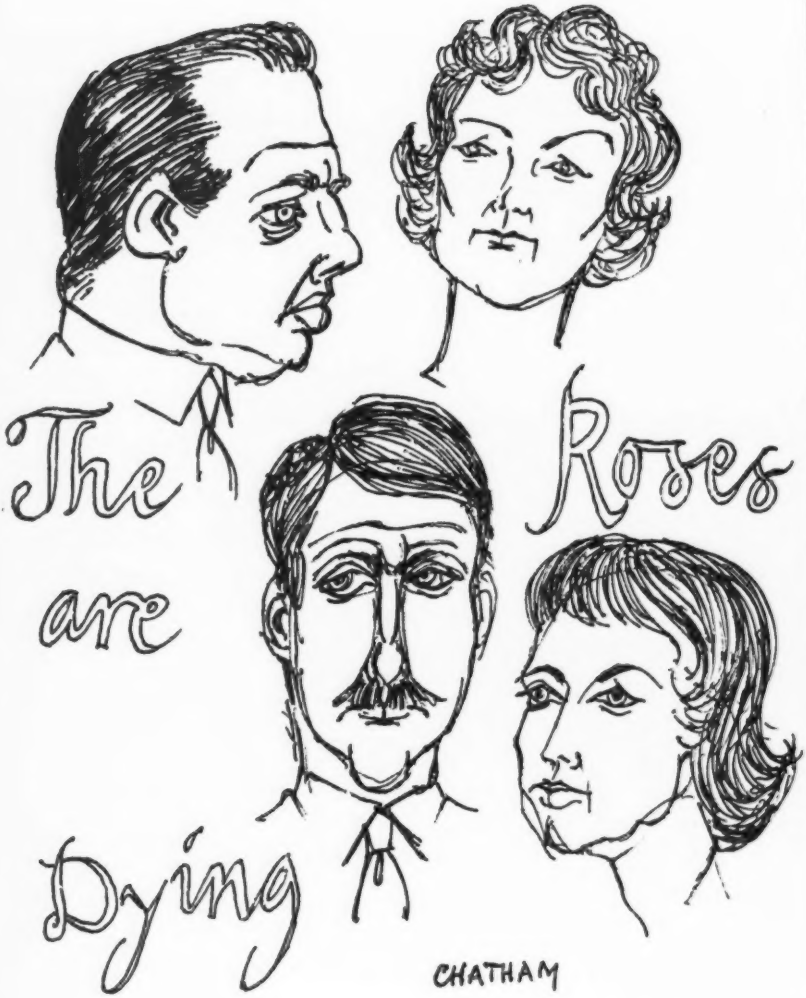
Minerals At the Park

Richard Rickert

What useless reach when lichen—I feed
Vegetable slow on simples that dead
Or stone, whose being lives outside.
They grimly give to the mind's appetite:

> Three small lives at the bus stop, late.
> The pavement crazy with the heat.
> Ten thousand Boy Scouts rumble in the park.
> Bums of the night do their shuffled walk.

On these weights such sycophant am I that lichens,
Kept from my coffin even, will relief
When I exhaust this self and leave at last
All surface world to their stone-clawing teeth.


The Roses are Dying
CHATHAM

A. Farrell Borenstein

"The end of summer . . . the end of friendship," Rose murmured mournfully. "Even the rose bushes are dying, Herb. Did you see them?"

She combed through her bobbed hair, then patted it perfunctorily. *Would she use cologne? Why did she so often neglect to use cologne?* He remembered how she had once played the coquette with her mirror. Now she was its clinician. He reflected that perhaps all husbands came to this in the end—reaching out to stroke the bride's long hair, soft and sensuous all the more for its absence. She used to play "I Hear You Calling Me." His lips formed the words: "The years have stretched their weary length between. . . ."

"Do you think I'm dramatizing?"

"A little. You've often said that professors live like gypsies. You've always known that the Penders would leave one day—or we would."

She sighed. "I know. But it's not easy to watch all your friends leave. Especially the Penders. They're almost family, Herb. I mean, after ten years of friendship you can't just sing *Auld Lang Syne* and forget about it."

Earlier that day, she had asked him: "Who can we cultivate next year?" And he'd said, "You can always go cultivate your garden." Between that time and now, she had walked past him in silent fury. This was the first time she'd spoken.

He wondered when she would say it.

"Herb?"

She stood in back of him while he washed his face. He listened to her words through the running water. This way they might seem less cruel.

"I wonder how long it will be before we leave. You must at least be *thinking* of casting around for another job. After all, we're Yankees at heart. And who'd ever have dreamed we'd stay even *this* long? Pushed into a corner, harrassed, intimidated, no promise of promotion, threats from the legislators, every aca-

demician of high reputation leaving, one after the other . . . it's a sinking ship, Herb."

It's just one deck of a larger sinking ship, my dear myopic wife. Haunted by Rilke's poetry, he whispered the lines into the big, soft towel:

"Living has sense only joined with many
circles of far-increasing space,—"

When they were in the kitchen, making last-minute preparations for the farewell party, she asked: "How long can we go on, living in such immorality?"

How long, how long? And is racism the only depravity, Rose? It was Stacy Pender, wasn't it, who convinced you that there is no other cause? Stacy, with her endless orations, Stacy the self-appointed champion of brotherly love? "She's just a YWCA girl growing older," he had once told Rose. "In the West, it was the Oriental; here it's the Negro. Everybody's got to be saved by Stacy Pender. By God, Rose, I grew up on the Lower East Side, remember, where things like this were talmudic training for me. What in hell does Stacy know about minorities?" "You're being unfair." "No, don't you see, Rose? Stacy never knew the meaning of being an outsider, a stranger. The problems of moral life are incomprehensible to her. And so, may I add, is the human condition." "I don't understand you, Herb." "I know, Rose, I know."

"Look," Rose went on, working savagely with the ice pick. "Look how George Pender jeopardized his position here, made his views on segregation public. There aren't many brave men like that anymore."

Her tone was vindictive now. For a moment, he did not answer her. He was thinking that George, as a sociologist, could not avoid introducing the topic of race to his classes. And for many years, there were no reprisals other than a few visits from irate parents. The Dean's smile at George never wavered. George, after all, was bringing honor to the university; George was "producing"; George was becoming well-known. *While my colleagues and I in our Humanities cap/ Are all settling down for a millennium's nap.*

What is a brave man, Rose, what is a hero?

"On this point," Herb told his wife, "I can only quote Bertolt Brecht who observes in *The Good Woman of Setzuan* that 'no one can be good for long if goodness is not in demand.'"

"Please don't be arch." Her eyes glittered with tears of bewildered anger and reproach.

"Rose, I know how much the Penders mean to you. But I'm your husband. You have me; we have Judy. Our lives are separate from anyone else's."

Or once they had been—once, long ago. Once there were only the Raabs, Herb and Rose, the English instructor and his charming wife, herself a gifted pianist and cartoonist. Once, for a whole year here in the south, there were only the two of them, living in the quonset huts just off the campus, with all the *accoutrement* of the university's newly arrived faculty—books, recordings, hand-hewn furniture, radical theories about pedagogy, scant but neat wardrobe and *joie de vivre*—all gathered under the romantic nimbus of poverty in the materialistic sense (the less one possesses, the less one needs), and of prosperity of the life of the mind.

And then the Penders came. Stevie Pender was a baby then. Rose, wanting one desperately, began to forsake her drawing pencils, her afternoons at the piano, to drink coffee with Stacy—first mornings, then throughout the day, then evenings too, while Herb and George worked in the library, in their offices—and met afterwards to walk home arguing through the southern nights. On Sunday mornings, there would be a communal breakfast at the Raabs. Rose had high fidelity music playing while they alternately fondled Stevie and ate dishes of waffles and fruit and omelettes and, laughing, sipped coffee bitter with chicory. "Isn't this perfectly *wild*?" Stacy would exult, her feet drawn up under her skirts. They would reminisce about their student days—Herb's in the midwest, Rose's at an eastern conservatory of music, George's and Stacy's in California. Their intimacy grew; their jokes became private; their arguments were sentimentalized. Chiefly through Stacy's influence, they confided the miseries of their childhood to one another. Although it was *de rigeur* to condemn the folly of one's parents, Herb was reluctant to fall in with this habit. He was dismayed to find his wife so vulnerable; he had not yet learned that, in such fellowships, nothing was sacred. "I'm a WASP," Stacy once laughed, "and so is George—a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant. But we're just about the most unconventional WASPS that exist. We don't believe in anything we're supposed to—not God, not free enterprise, not even monogamy. You should hear George's theory about *that*! You know, a lot of people think you have to be in a minority to really rebel. Have you ever noticed that?" "Not exactly," Rose replied. "But

you're WASPS too, aren't you?" Stacy insisted. "Not exactly," Rose repeated, and then added almost apologetically: "Herb and I are Jewish." Herb could not help but notice how amazed George had looked, and how he himself could not help but marvel at the lack of astuteness on the part of this student of society. Stacy, never nonplussed for more than a second, repeated, "Jewish! But you're rebels, all the same. You don't keep a kosher kitchen. You even eat bacon." And George said sharply, "You're not an expert on *all* minorities, Stacy. There are Jews and Jews, you know." "Just as I was saying," Stacy laughed, "and there are WASPS and WASPS."

"You're right," Rose said. "But after so many years, I. . . . You know, Herb, it was really Judy that brought us so close together again, don't you think? We were friends before, but not like we are *now*. . . ."

It was three years after they had met that Rose had been told by the doctors at the clinic that she would never have children. For a time she had grieved so much that even Stacy avoided her, since the Penders were then expecting their second child. Then Rose returned to her music, and after a time to her drawing board as well. A few months before Hope Pender was born, the Raabs decided to buy a house a little further away from the campus. They had secretly filed papers for adoption. After long consultations with social workers in the state, and even longer correspondence with those elsewhere, they had decided to work with a Jewish agency. They were told they would have to wait—perhaps indefinitely. But they would have a better chance if they owned a house. When they moved away from the Penders, Herb began to realize how much such relationships thrive on physical proximity. Their friendship reached a quiet plateau.

In the new home, Rose became preoccupied with the garden. Herb was amazed at this new dimension of themselves; he and Rose, both urban to the core, had always regarded the soil with a kind of aloof contempt. Yet he found that he, too, could be fascinated by the life-cycles of the flowers they planted—roses, gladiolas, chrysanthemums—and by the beauty of towering banana plants, and the intricate patterns of the mimosa. For a time, the garden became their substitute for a child. He turned more resolutely to his work—he was confining his studies to Elizabethan drama, and he wrote two manuscripts, although a heavy

teaching schedule was given him every semester. He felt as he once had when, as a student, he left the men's residence hall for a room in a private home. Away from the hubbub of the quonset huts, he enjoyed the tranquility for which he had hungered all his life. One of his manuscripts was published; so was a group of Rose's political cartoons. They entertained often—afternoon parties with punch, and gatherings on week-end nights in Rose's lovingly-kept and immaculate living room. They drank and played charades and held long discourses on modern poetry, international affairs, the relationship of the sciences to the humanities. . . . Once they invited George and Stacy and, while Herb was refilling a glass in the kitchen, he heard Stacy talking authoritatively about the Negro in the south. A young bachelor cried out, with the emphatic resonance of the inebriate, "Egad, who wants to move to the kitchen with me? I didn't come to this party to talk about spooks!"

Sometimes the Penders would drive to see them on Sunday afternoons. Stacy would ask Rose in a bantering tone: "How on earth can you waste your time fooling with flowers?" Invariably, Stevie would leave his ravages on the lawn, or the baby, Hope, would spit up on the couch. After they left, Rose would talk seriously to Herb, trying to reconcile her loyalty to the Penders with her new-found way of life. Their friends had become mutually exclusive circles; the lines were cut cleanly between the social sciences and the departments of Philosophy, English and Romance Languages in Norton Hall. George enjoyed directing discussion on prosaic subjects—"problem situations" as he had come, with the new rhetoric of the sociologist, to call them. Herb indulged him, but privately lamented his lack of an aesthetic sense, his boorish eschewal of the world of *belles lettres*. He was keenly aware of his colleagues' reaction to George and, although he often agreed with it, he found himself defending his former friend. "Don't worry about me," George would say. "I can laugh at myself. Didn't you know that a sociologist is a man who gets a $5,000 grant to find out where the local whorehouse is?" Once, when he gave this definition to a gathering of professors from diverse corners of the campus, he interrupted a professor of philosophy who had been talking about his interest in obtaining a grant to study Thucydides. The latter stared at George for a moment and then said, "So this is what a sociologist is! I had thought it was a man who gets a $5,000 grant to find out *why I want* to study Thucydides!" The laughter that followed this sally

was too much for Stacy. She waited for her moment. When the talk came around to Norton Hall again, she quoted an observation made by a friend of theirs in psychology: "The trouble with Norton Hall is, most of the women there wear moustaches and few of the men do."

"I can never forgive her for that," Herb told his wife when the last guest had left. "I'm sorry we ever invited them."

"It's because they don't understand us anymore," Rose replied. "They know we run around with bachelors and dine out and live the secular life. It's because we don't have children. I think they envy us a little."

Rose's voice cut into his reflections, asking him to look in on Judy before the guests arrived.

He stood over the child's bed, still reconstructing the history of their friendship with the Penders. *Is it Judy, then, who finally reconciled us again*? In October it would be four years since they adopted her; in November the child would be ten years old. She no longer slept with Suzanne, the doll her mother had given her when, at three, she had been sent off to a Jewish child center in New York. Herb noticed that the girl was beginning to resemble his wife, in her mannerisms, her expressions, her gestures. He drew the light coverlet over her. She was sleeping on her back, the palms of her hands half-open, her mouth childishly pouted. Her long hair gleamed under the bright beams of the late-summer moon. He touched it ruefully, nostalgically. *She has never been exclusively our child.* Since she had come to them at school age, Rose had fallen in more thickly than ever with Stacy's advice, Stacy's dicta, Stacy's preoccupations. The Penders bought a house near theirs, and after that it seemed they were never without one another's company. Everything was communally dispatched, communally decided upon—summer plans, the use of domestic help, attendance at university functions. . . . "My God," Herb once expostulated, "what if we wanted to make love some afternoon, Rose?" And she looked at him as if he must have gone mad. When Herb's mother died, it was the Penders who cared for Judy while they attended the funeral. When Rose's parents visited, the Penders entertained them and drove them to and from the train depot. When George's relatives arrived, the Raabs were elected to sustain him in this crisis. The most intimate secrets of the past were exhumed and debated. On only one issue was Rose adamant: Judy was to be reared in the Jewish faith.

Somehow, Rose found the inner resources to withstand the Penders' attitude toward orthodoxy; she weathered Stacy's barbs with good-natured silence.

You've been living in a bona fide *kibbutz,* Herb whispered to his sleeping daughter. As far as the child could remember, there was always a Pender underfoot in the household. Meals were shared many times a week. When the Penders had special dinner guests, George always came over beforehand to rummage for Herb's gin or bourbon; when the Raabs had them, Rose would send Herb off to the Penders for brandy. Conviviality had become an institution—so much so that they no longer knew how much each owed the other. George was indifferent to such matters; they embarrassed Herb.

When he came back to the kitchen, Rose said nostalgically, "Remember, Herb, what our first parties were like with the Penders? There was something so *spontaneous* about the way we were."

"Yes. Yes."

George was more slender then, more youthful; he still had the haunted look of the student about him. Quaint phrases thrilled him; he expressed envy of Herb's erudition. They talked about philosophy, and they traded novels written by the existentialists. And there had been a softness about Stacy. She had been capable from time to time of a genuine lucidity. He conjured an image from the past of a petite Stacy, her hair loosely waved about her face, her arms braceleted, her skirts wide and rustling. He had not perceived then how she collected people, shelved them like so many dolls, infused personalities into them, and sulked if they persisted in forming their own. Sulked first. Then hexed them, her tongue the instrument of wrath. Whatever it was that had happened in her marriage to George Pender, Stacy had decided some time after she met the Rabbs that she no longer wished to be judged as a woman. She would be everything else now: Faculty Wife, Mother, Figure to Be Reckoned with in the Community, A Wag, An Iconoclast—but not a woman. Then her hair was drawn back, her clothes became at first tailored, then shapeless altogether, and her humor—at first cavalier—grew acrid. Once she used to comment, "You know, I never thought of it that way." Now it was "Oh? Oh?" so that in every conversation one sat in judgment by her, and there grew up around her person an

official opinion about issues, motives, performances. Throughout this transmutation of his wife, George achieved one of his own. His innocent use of the word *role* with a brief definition of its meaning gave way to unctuous operational verbs usually ending in "ize"—*theorize, hypothesize,* and even the wonderfully incriminating *verbalize.* Where he had once thrown himself into a game of charades with great *élan,* he now preferred to closet himself with some party solitary and confide pontifically in him about the "school of functionalism" and his own modestly momentous contributions to its brilliant promise of redemption of society and its members. He began, Herb thought, by wanting to understand; he ends by meaning to be understood. The same man who had once asked him, "What is the meaning of creativity to the scholar in literature, Herb?" wanted to know last week, "How long do you suppose they'll wait before they promote you, Herb? I mean, assuming you'll stay here, what are your chances?" *Du ridicule au sublime il n'y a qu'un pas.* "Every man has a spark of creativity in him, Herb." (1953) "I tell you, Herb, every man has his price." (1961)

"Sometimes I think," Rose went on, while she re-arranged the food with an unnatural fussiness, "that you'll actually be glad to see them go. *Relieved.*"

"Why do you say that?" he asked her sharply. He had been waiting all that day for her to begin making invidious comparisons between his and George's "academic careers."

"You needn't take that tone. All I meant was, I couldn't help but notice that you were very short with Stacy this afternoon when she came over to help with the party dips."

"I'm probably a soured romantic," he said smiling.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Oh, it's a little like the bridegroom not wanting to see the bride the day of their wedding, until they meet at the altar. Isn't it *her* farewell party she was helping with?"

"Your analogies, Herbert Raab!" But she was appeased. And for a very brief moment, they smiled companionably at one another. And even more briefly still, she forgave him for his purported acceptance of the circumstances in which they lived, and he remembered her before she had become Stacy's Galatea—so forthright, so dogmatic, so businesslike.

"You know, Rose—"

"Mmmm? What?"

Man of action. Man of letters. The sorry state of things en-

tire. The apperception of beauty. The meaning of existence. Each of us, alone.

"What is it you were going to say, Herb?"

For the second time that night, he thought of Rilke:

"Do you feel the roses dying on your brow?
And each one shuddering lets its sister go
and alone must perish and decay. . . ."

When he did not answer her, she spoke his name again, questioningly. Just then the doorbell rang. And smoothing her dress, suddenly brightly festive, she turned away from him to answer it.

4 Poems

Fred Moeckel

THE HAWK

It is from the sun the hawk dives
Swooping downward like a shot spat
From hate's teeth striking at

Its own shadow, innocent, flat,
Drawn upon its victim who gives
No thought to shadows until the knives:

Talons and beak shoot forth and mat
Flesh with blood. The hawk connives
With sun and shadow, and between them lives.

Its victim fails to fathom that.

THE SLANT OF SUNLIGHT

The sunlight slants
In cubic parallelograms

Of dust. Swimming
Dust: starting, swarming,

A thousand crescent
Shaped and incandescent

Insects fill the swirling inbetween
With darting seen/unseen

Of change from window
To flat floor. They wend so

Slowly, float so slowly down;
How could the insect wings have known

The speed of light, the flame
Of lightning bristled in them?

LIGHTNING SELDOM

That lightning seldom strikes twice
In a single spot
May be accurate advice;
But what if it is not?

When struck by lightning,
A man however near you,
Whatever wisdom you may bring
Or comfort, will not hear you.

I TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER

The day is thick
And hot. And not
Endurable.
Dead things rot

Before they die.
The air is white
And sterile, un-
Bearable. Night

Is no answer:
The sorry moon
Boils in the black
Season too soon

Over. The far wind
Is out of reach,
Clutch and compass
Of the trees. Touch

The tall thin trees,
They are bleeding.
The insects too,
Are black, feeding

On their blood.
This is the day
The Lord hath made
But when I pray

I talk about the weather.

Night Thoughts

George Cuomo

Someone's out there using our well.
I heard the crank squeal just now,
I'm sure I did. There. The well's full
From the rain, but I'd like to know

Who's using it, why his own well
Won't serve his need. Not that I mind
The water, of course—I would spill
It all, for good cause, to the ground.

It's quiet there now, by the well.
I can't see him in the darkness,
There are no stars, no moon at all;
He thinks he's safe in blackness.

There's more than one by that well.
Voices . . . I can't catch their meaning,
But I hear them. One is more shrill,
A woman's. I think she's coming . . .

Yes—walking over from the well,
Coming here, talking all the time.
She has no business here, but she'll
Not let that spoil her careful scheme.

Guy Owen

The Photograph

It was a fine September morning when George Elkins walked alone to the cotton field by the pasture. Whistling, he walked quickly, his open-mouthed tow sack slapping against his long leg. The dew was still on the crab grass and cotton, and it felt good on his bare feet. Under the walnut tree at the end of the field he saw the scales hanging from the angled two-by-four.

George smiled to himself and lengthened his stride. He would get the jump on the others, although already he heard Booker T. yodeling up the clay road. This year he would beat him for the first time. This year he knew he could pick two hundred pounds of cotton, maybe even beat his grandfather, who had raised him from a little tyke.

When George reached the first row he paused long enough to look back toward the little white frame house under the sycamore. They were coming, Booker T. and his grandfather, their picking sacks thrown across their shoulders. George pulled his straw hat down and spat on his large hands. "This season I'll show them," he said aloud.

August had been dry, and there had already been an early frost. The cotton leaves were curled and crisped and the long

loose white fibers seemed to leap from the knee-high stalks. Before he started picking, George looked across the white-dotted field toward the split-rail pasture fence. The sun rose in a cloudless sky and the white bolls of cotton seemed to glow with the dew. Now he heard the tinkle of the cow's bell and a mockingbird sang in the persimmon tree in the pasture.

"Pretty," George said aloud, sniffing the morning air.

Then he began to fill the tow sack rapidly with the dew-wet cotton. Moving up the middle, he felt the old excitement return. His nostrils filled with the clean scent of the cotton and his toes wiggled in the warm earth. He picked with both hands, his practiced fingers hopping like spiders from boll to boll. Sometimes he bent over to snatch a dry leaf away from the fiber with his teeth, spitting it out with a laugh. He smiled to himself as he felt the tow bag filling, the weight of it tugging his shoulder gently, the sack whispering against the dewy grass. Yes, he decided, he did like picking cotton just as much as going to school, much more than working those problems in algebra, standing up that way at the blackboard.

The dew was gone from the cotton and George's sack was almost filled when the school bus passed. The driver blew the horn and jerked the stop sign, letting it bang noisily against the side of the orange bus. One of his twelve-year-old classmates stuck his head out of the window and yelled. All the children waved at him, laughing.

George stood up and waved back, unembarrassed. He liked school well enough, but he did not mind missing the week of cotton picking. Miss Rountree would send him the assignments. It was the only time of the year his grandfather kept him home from school, one week in September plus the single day it took for digging the peanuts.

Behind him then he heard his white-haired grandfather and Booker T. gaining on him, and he bent to the cotton again. Already sweat ran down his lean face from under the ragged straw hat, and his chambray shirt clung to his ribs. He knew now that by the time the sawmill whistle blew at Ellers Bend his back would be aching, by nightfall it would be more than just aching. Still he whistled under his breath, smiling to himself.

A half hour after the orange school bus passed, he looked up to see the shiny black Buick, with New Jersey license plates. It slowed down and the dust boiled up behind it. George was surprised to see it stop. He was fifty feet ahead of the others in the

cotton field and he turned to look at Booker T. and his grandfather bending over the white cotton, their fingers working rapidly.

Someone after directions somewheres, he thought. George turned shyly, easing the weight of the sack on his shoulder, and faced the strangers. Squinting against the morning sun, he saw that there were three people in the car stopped at the end of his row: a stout man, a woman he could only half see, and a girl in the back seat. The girl was pretty, he thought, with hair the color of pale broomsedge after a dry spell. She wore a clean white dress and was about his age. The girl stared at him, directly at him, with large blue eyes, her red lips parted, and he flushed, looking away at the bull calf in the pasture beside the field.

"Buster, can you tell me which way to Clayton?" The hatless stranger took a big cigar out of his mouth to speak and his voice was loud, raspy, his accent pronounced.

George let the handful of cotton fall into the mouth of the tow sack. Then he pointed up the clay road towards Ellers Bend. "Straight up that road," he said quietly, disturbed by the girl's curious eyes. "Cross that ferry about four miles." Behind him he heard the mockingbird singing in the walnut tree.

He had gone back to picking the cotton, pulling his old straw hat further down over his forehead, when he heard the driver say something to the woman and then open the car door. When he glanced up he saw the man standing beside the car, looking toward him. The short fat man wore a gay silk sport shirt which he had sweated through, and rumpled white trousers. George saw that an expensive-looking camera dangled from his neck. Now the stranger was taking it out of the case and gauging the sunlight.

"Karl, I wish you wouldn't," the woman said. "Trudy is already hot and you'll just mess her clothes—"

"Come on," the man said to the straw-haired girl.

"Papa, I already told you once I didn't want—"

The man jerked the car door open. "Dammit, I said get out."

"Go on, Trudy."

The girl got out and slammed the car door. She stood for a moment in dark pointed shoes. Then she jumped the fennel and goldenrod in the little road drag ditch, following her father as he waddled up the cotton row, spreading the strong scent of cigar smoke.

George's face reddened when he saw her holding her white

skirt in, walking around the dried balls of horse manure in the row. Her nose was crinkled and her red lips pouted. Still she was pretty; her skin was as white and smooth as a jimson bloom.

"Cotton's right pretty," the strange man said. He held the expensive camera in a pudgy hand. "You mind if I take a picture, Buster?" Sweat ran down from his black, oily hair, filling the wrinkles in his thick neck.

George was confused by the heady perfume of the girl and he did not know what to say. He wanted to say yes, he did mind. But instead he shook his head, tongue-tied. Even as he did, he felt suddenly ill at ease. Unaccountably, he wished the strangers were out of the field, wished they had never stopped. He looked back at his grandfather, but the old man had turned to empty his cotton sack on the open sheet under the walnut tree.

"Call that nigger," Karl said. "I want him, too. There's a quarter in it for both of you. Can't use old grand-dad."

Booker T. walked slowly up the row, dragging his sack of cotton.

The stout man gestured with the big cigar. "Stand over there," he said imperiously. "I want that old fence in the shot. You'll have to take off them straw hats. No, I want the bags, too. Look natural, now." He leaned forward, his broad face brooding over the camera. "Move in closer, Trudy." He waved the girl in beside the two cotton pickers.

The man with the camera looked up and George felt his face flush again as he breathed the unfamiliar scent of the slender girl beside him.

"Look natural now, you cotton pickers. There."

As soon as the camera snapped the girl turned away from him, without a word, and looked out across the pasture, bored.

"You don't often see an old-timey fence like that these days," the fat man told his daughter.

She did not reply.

George put his straw hat back on, wondering why they did not leave, now the picture was taken. He felt suddenly embarrassed for no reason that he could understand and he flushed under the gaze of the stout man's eyes.

"Thought I'd remember the road to Clayton," the strange man said. "You forget a lot in fourteen, fifteen years. I was stationed at Bragg during the war. Use to drive out this way to see the country sights on Sundays." He nodded at the pouting girl. "Thought I'd show my daughter here that little hand ferry at

Ellers Bend." He put the cigar back in his mouth and fiddled with the camera.

The two boys stood silently, their sacks heavy against their legs.

Then, turning the camera around, the stout man opened it up and tore the picture out. George's mouth gaped as he handed him the developed photograph, grinning broadly, his horse teeth clamped on the big cigar.

The boy's eyes widened with astonishment as he stared at the photograph. Booker T., he saw, was all black face and white teeth and thick lips. The strawhaired girl stood beside him, her lips pouting. Beneath the long, curling eyelashes, her nose looked as if she smelled something rotten. Both white hands held the skirt in close to her long lean legs.

For a moment he failed to recognize himself. He stared in surprise at the tall rawboned boy in patched overalls, his thin shoulders stopped by the weight of the cotton sack. His chambray shirt was torn at one elbow and the knees of the hickory-striped overalls were covered with dirt where he had knelt in the dew-wet earth. One large red hand held the straw hat; the other dangled by his side. His coarse brown hair was tousled, slanting plastered by sweat across his narrow forehead, and his lips were forced in a stupid smile.

Then he saw in the picture that the girl had twisted away from him and Booker T., a row of cotton between them. And behind them, closer than he thought, the old split-rail fence sagged.

The stout man blew a haze of smoke that scented the morning air, reaching a pudgy hand with the quarter in it. Out of the corner of his eye, George saw that the pretty girl was already walking hurriedly toward the dark car. She had not said a word.

As the boy started to hand the photograph back, the sunlight caught the shiny quarter. Then he did what he did, without planning, without any thinking at all.

He tore the photograph into four strips, letting them fall in the cotton middle. And without pausing, he knocked the quarter out of the fat man's hand.

"You, George!" Booker T. said, surprised.

The boy clawed toward the camera with one hand and as the fat man lurched backwards, he struck him on the chest with his fist.

"Git," George shouted, threshing his arms wildly, the sack of cotton pulling at him like an anchor.

The fat man dropped his cigar. His mouth wide open, his broad face red, he backed awkwardly away from the furious boy, one hand clutching the camera, the other warding off the ineffective blows.

"Karl, I told you not to," the woman cried.

"Git out'n this field," George shouted, "you low-lived sonafabitch."

"Now Buster, what makes you—now, Buster." The fat man suddenly wheeled and lumbered toward the car. His wife held the front door open and the straw-haired girl stared wide-eyed from the back seat.

With tears streaming from his eyes, George dragged the sack of cotton after him through the cotton stalks. Suddenly he stopped and gathered up the balls of dried horse manure. He threw them after the lunging man, bouncing one off his silk shirt. Others hit the new car.

Even after the black Buick leaped forward in a cloud of dust he hurled the balls of horse manure after the car. Blinded by tears, he threw the balls futilely into the empty clay road.

"That one white man got hisself told," Booker T. said. "That one white man made git out'n this cotton patch." He held the lost quarter in his hand, his dark face puzzled.

Then his grandfather was holding him in his arms and George was sobbing.

"What came over you, son?" Mr. Elkins said. "What in creation made you act that-a-way?"

George shook his head. He didn't know. He went on bawling, staring over his grandfather's shoulder at the split-rail fence.

Lee Jacobus

Bringing Poems to Miss Anne's

In time for tea, with blandishments and bright
Words of greeting, I take the muslin-covered
Chair beneath the rows of pepperomia
And tuberous begonia gently clawing for
The dusty sun. The windows in July
Are tightly closed, and airlessness a
Comfort for my hostess's eighty years.

Miss Anne waves a palsied brace of
Fingers, skin-knotted and vein-raised,
Before my face to indicate a treasure;
And I sit turning softly in the velvet
Of my hands a huge carnelian, or a tiny silver
Dome carved by royal decree, destined
For the pleasure of our eyes and touch.

Miss Anne,
Amused, daubs a cheek with silk, and rings
The postal bell, a feeble gong trembling
Through New England at four in the afternoon.

A dark-haired woman, short and thick with
Eyes damp black and glistening, commits
The tray to table, hauling aside the thousand
Monthly magazines of geography
And literature. This is the Syrian,
I am told, a sad tale behind those eyes: of
Contracted marriage in the land of free

Choice; of despair, dissimulation, and defeat
Wrested from the hands of victory. She
Cannot smile, the tragedy is so deep,
Just gaze wistfully and step quietly
Across the rug for cream. But I do not
Take it; so she retires humbly to the
Rear of coal-stoves and antique pantries,
Crumbling biscuits and copper kettles,
To wait alone while we talk.

The silver strainer briefly caresses
My tea, imparts a green halo about the
Red, and leaves my china cup. Children
Lead blue dragons gamboling through
A carousel of pagodas, sharp and angular
Like my cup, and the parade pauses by
My spoon. Sugar fizzles soft explosions
In the gray afternoon, while Miss Anne
Tastes her solemn preparation without
Delight. The Syrians are gentle people,
She tells me, but have worlds to learn
Making tea. She deposits the cup
For the cookie-dish, and I heap
My immodest saucer to the brim.

The talk
Is of Henry James, she decides, launching
Into praise of Milly Theale, an American
With grace and dignity uncommon to youth.

It is James's tact, she says she likes,
His patience and his skill in bringing fine people
Together on his stage. She read each book
As it came out, she says, and I'd almost forgotten
She'd seen him born and dead, as I'd not even
Seen him dead.

My poems molder near my
Breast as she speaks of the holiness of
James, the pureness of his soul, the
Unapproachableness of his altar.
There is command in the flow of her voice,

The order of darkness and call to arms exciting
The room—and exiling my poems at once, forever,
In her aged insistence on the law of calmness in art.

Her eyes roll blue sapphire in the gloom
While her lips form sighing
Low sounds seasoned with age. Noiseless,
The mantle clock-piece ticks by, and the Syrian,
Her hair darker by a shade, removes the tray,
My empty cup, and half the tea;
and July has
Become winter as Miss Anne speaks.

She sighs, her talk runs on
Crepuscular to new depths, and I
See her now as an ice-berg, eighty
Years submerged beyond my apprehension:
Only an instant of time observable, and that
So frail, so small and shawl-wrapped in summer
Heat I shiver in meditation, not upon
Her words, the quiver of her eyes, but upon
My own touching the quarter-mark, my own
Lazy youth-loved days, as evanescent
As her age, as unredeemable as her time,
Totally unseen as her years. And forgetfulness
Obscures Miss Anne, my poems, and me.

* * *

We both awake at once, the clatter of a bell,
The padding of the Syrian, the hushed talk at
The door before its closing, then Miss Anne
Takes my hand coldly in hers. Let me see your
Work, she says, and I rise, my poems buried
In my pocket, and say, another time, at tea. I came
Only to talk, but will come again. More voices,
A limp dinner guest arrives, and sheltered by
Hello's and yes's, I make my way safely out beyond
The great oak door, into the streets where Poe
Once roamed like a tradesman lost in thought.

July
Has become winter, I think, and the tea, frozen
In my stomach, jostles loudly over the stones.

Notes on Contributors

Fiction

A. FARRELL BORENSTEIN, who has had a long and intimate association with academic matters, has recently had a story accepted by *The Reconstructionist.*

GARY ELDER wishes to preserve his anonymity in Berkeley, California.

GUY OWEN, a North Carolina writer and alumnus of the University had his first novel *Season of Fear* published last year. He writes that he got his start in writing on the *Carolina Quarterly.*

HUGH MCEACHERN is a student in Jesse Rehder's English Honors program in Creative Writing. This is his first published work.

JOHN GUTKNECHT is studying for a Ph.D. in biology at the University of North Carolina. His knowledge of track is definitely firsthand; he won the 6-mile run in the 1960 National AAU Track & Field Championships.

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Poetry

LEE JACOBUS lives in Danbury, Connecticut. He has fiction in *The New Mexico Quarterly* and *Hubris*; his poetry has appeared in *American Weave* and is forthcoming in *The Husk, The Galley Sail Review* and *Wormwood Review.*

KENNETH KARCHER is a freshman at The University of North Carolina who lives in Decatur, Alabama. This is his first published poem.

FRED MOECKEL is presently a counselor for Connecticut's Education for the Blind; he holds degrees in Fine Arts and Education. From Naugatuck, Connecticut, among magazines having published his poetry are *American Weave, The Husk,* and *New Frontiers.* His fiction has appeared in *The Minnesota Review* and is forthcoming in *The New Yorker.*

GEORGE CUOMO teaches English at Victoria College, British Columbia. He has published in *Saturday Review, Nation, University of Kansas City Review, Colorado Quarterly, Minnesota Review,* and *San Francisco Review.*

PATRICIA CLARE LAMB "was brought to order at the University of St. Thomas, Houston, Texas." This is her first published work, "a ray of light in a sea of murky rejections."

RICHARD R. O'KEEFE has a poem currently in *Antioch Review* and is forthcoming in *The University of Kansas City Review* and *Northwest Review*.

GEORGE ARRICK is a four-year veteran of ninth-grade education in Dearborn, Michigan. He notes a previous contract to play professional football with the Denver Broncos.

RICHARD RICKERT is currently teaching and completing studies in philosophy at The University of North Carolina. His major work is in current theories of criticism and contemporary poetry. His poetry has previously appeared in *The Carolina Quarterly* and *The Fiddlehead*.

DUDLEY CARROLL is a freshman at The University of North Carolina and lives in Darien, Connecticut. This is his first published poem.

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